MARVEL

VENOM®

TWIST

-Crain-

VENOM

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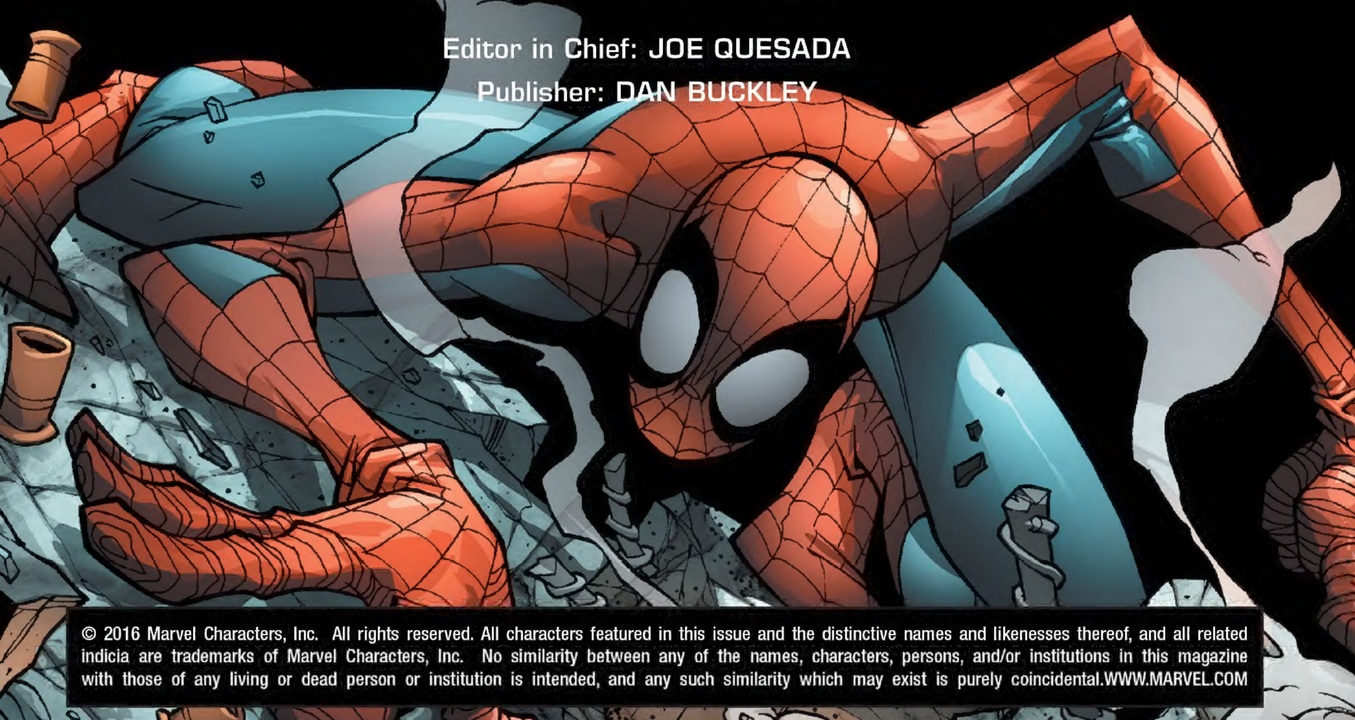

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Previously...

Patricia Robertson, the sole survivor of the massacre at the Arctic radar station, has been transformed into her own worst nightmare: She has become Venom. But unlike the poor souls who have done so in the past, she can control the creature due to a biogenetic implant device involuntarily grafted to her skull by The Suit. Now able to share Venom's thoughts, she realizes the creature's ultimate goal...and that she—and only she—can stop it.

There are those, however, who are counting on Venom succeeding in its goals...namely, the mysterious man named, simply, "Bob". Head of the shadowy Ararat Corporation and commander of several "sleeper cells" of female agents—none of whom are aware of the others' existence—he is the one responsible for the creation of this new and infinitely more vicious version of the Venom symbiote. What Bob didn't count on, however, is the interference of the being known as "The Suit".

Created in secrecy by Nick Fury of S.H.I.E.L.D. using technology stolen from Reed Richards, The Suit was sent to destroy the creature—or, at the very least, delay Venom from reaching civilization while he, Fury, ascertained what Bob and his organization's plan was...and how far their influence has spread. Ultimately, The Suit was unable to contain or destroy Venom—and now it's here...in New York City.

Start spreading the news.

-Crain-

#14

S.H.I.E.L.D. HEADQUARTERS

WE'RE RUNNIN' OUTTA TIME HERE, LADIES...WHERE'S MY TARGET?

WE'RE ALMOST THERE, COLONEL FURY--THE SIGNATURE IS VERY HARD TO PINPOINT, EVEN WITH THE INCREDIBLE AMOUNT OF DATA THAT WE HAVE.

THAT SOUNDS SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE AN *EXCUSE*, SOLDIER.

DEE-DEE-DEE-DEET!

I HAVE LOCATED THE TARGET.

GIMME THE COORDINATES. DO *NOT ENGAGE.*

I REPEAT: DO...NOT... ENGAGE.

ACTIVATE THE TEAMS.

WE GO *TONIGHT.*

MANHATTAN

HHHSSSSSSS

I DID NOT COME TO STOP YOU.

THERE HAS BEEN A CHANGE OF PLANS.

THERE WAS A PLAN?

WE HAVE CONTACT.

ROOFTOP. SEVEN BLOCKS EAST.

THEY'RE TALKING.

OF COURSE THEY ARE.

THE INTELLIGENCE I'VE PIRATED FROM THE **S.H.I.E.L.D. RELAY SATELLITE** INDICATES THAT THEY WILL BE MOVING QUICKLY, PROBABLY LATER TONIGHT OR EARLY IN THE MORNING.

SHE JUST LEFT.

EXCELLENT. FOLLOW HER AT A SAFE DISTANCE AND KEEP ME INFORMED OF ANY NEW DEVELOPMENTS ON THE GROUND.

I'LL BE MONITORING THE SITUATION FROM HERE. EXPECT A CALL VERY SOON.

DEET

DEET DEET

HOW ARE WE PROGRESSING, LADIES?

TWIST

PART ONE

RIGHT ON SCHEDULE, BOB.

I DON'T KNOW, GUYS...I JUST TRANSFERRED IN. I MEAN, IF THE *COLONEL* FINDS OUT WE WERE OUT DRINKIN' THE NIGHT BEFORE--

K.HARUPT PUB

RELAX, WHITAKER...

...*YOU'RE* NOT HERE TO DRINK-- *WE* ARE.

OH... UHH...

YEAH, *ROOKIE*-- YOU'RE JUST HERE TO *PAY.*

BESIDES, THE COLONEL IS SEQUESTERED AWAY WITH THE *PRIMARY EXTRACTION TEAM*-- WE'RE ONLY BRIEFED FOR *BACK-UP.* THIS IS GONNA BE A MILK RUN.

YEAH, WELL...I STILL WANNA DO IT RIGHT. I--

OH, SWEET APPLE PIE...

...WOULD YOU LOOK...

AT...

...*THAT.*

UH-OH... LOOKS LIKE THAT YOUNG LADY COULD USE SOME *RESCUIN'*.

WHOEVER SHALL SAVE HER?

TAKE MY CREDIT CARD... I MIGHT BE A WHILE.

LINE 'EM UP!

YOU LIKE GROPING GIRLS, BIG GUY? YOU LIKE THE WAY THAT FELT?

HEH-HEH...OH, YEAH.

WELL, HOW 'BOUT *THIS?*

SHOK!

WHAT ABOUT THE *REST* OF YOU, HUH?

HRK!

WHUDD!

YOU LIKE IT ROUGH, TOO?

ANYBODY *ELSE* WANT SOME?

HOW 'BOUT *YOU*, CUTIE?

I... UH...

...I JUST WANTED TO KNOW IF I COULD BUY YOU A *DRINK*--?

NAH...

...I'M ALREADY *DRUNK*.

1¢ PI

LET'S GO TO *YOUR* PLACE INSTEAD.

CARRY ON, SOLDIER!

LATER

PUT ON YOUR BOOTS, SOLDIER!

WE GOT THE CALL--*LIFT-OFF IN TWO!*

I DON'T...KNOW WHERE MY BOOTS *ARE...*

OVER THERE BY THE CLOSET DOOR.

THAT *BROAD* FROM THE BAR LAST NIGHT ALREADY TAKE OFF?

UH... *YEAH.*

NO STRINGS ATTACHED, HUH?

NOPE.

HEH-HEH... YOU JUST GOTTA LOVE A PURE-BREED AMERICAN SKANK.

WELL, *THAT'S* NOT A VERY NICE THING TO SAY...

I'M A S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT, WHITAKER.

I DON'T SAY NICE THINGS.

THIS IS FURY--LISTEN UP, BETA TEAM: YOU ARE HERE AS A SAFETY MEASURE IN CASE THIS EXTRACTION GOES TO HELL--WHICH IT WILL NOT.

ALPHA TEAM WILL BE HANDLING THE PRIMARY--AND THAT IS ALL THEY WILL CONCERN THEMSELVES WITH. ANYTHING COMES UP, YOU WILL HANDLE IT QUICKLY AND EFFICIENTLY. NO MISTAKES ON THIS ONE, LADIES.

AND NO SURPRISES.

FURY OUT.

ALPHA TEAM:

WE GO IN FAST AND HARD-- WE NEED VENOM CONTAINED IMMEDIATELY. IF YOU *HESITATE*, YOU *WILL DIE.*

I KNOW WE'VE TRAINED FOR THIS, BUT LET ME STATE, ONCE AGAIN, THAT THE WEAPONS YOU ARE CARRYING, FIRE A STREAM OF *POLY-ACRYLIC GEL* THAT HARDENS IN LESS THAN A SECOND WHEN EXPOSED TO AIR...*SO AIM CAREFULLY.*

ONCE WE HAVE THE TARGET *SECURED*, PROCEED IMMEDIATELY TO THE *CONTAINMENT CELL. IF*, WHILE WE ARE EN ROUTE TO THE *DELIVERY POINT*, WE *LOSE CONTAINMENT*, WE WILL PROCEED OUT TO SEA AND ORDER THE SECONDARY TEAM TO *FIRE UPON US UNTIL WE ARE NEUTRALIZED.*

AT WHICH POINT A POD OF WAITING *SUBS* WILL NUKE US.

TWICE.

SO *DON'T #@% UP.*

PILOTS: FLATTEN OUT THE ROTORS AND KILL THE RADIO--WE GO SILENT ON MY MARK.

THREE.

TWO.

ONE.

MARK.

BLOOOOOW!

PFFFSSSSSHHHH

WHERE'D IT GO? WHERE'D IT GO?

OH--

CHHHLIIK-CHHHLIIK

SLIK!

LEMME GET CLEAR! PLEASENO--!

HIT 'IM AGAIN!

NO NEED--HE'S STUCK.

YEAH.

AND SO IS LIEUTENANT BILLINGS.

OBJECTIVE... COMPLETE.

ROGER THAT--WE'RE LOWERING THE HOIST.

THEY'RE ALMOST DONE... WHAT'S TAKING SO LONG?

I DON'T KNOW.

MAYBE WE SHOULD--

PATIENCE, LADIES...

...IT SHOULD ONLY BE A FEW MOMENTS. I ADVISED HER IN GREAT DETAIL WHEN AND HOW TO STRIKE FOR MAXIMUM EFFECT.

WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?

LET'S JUST SAY...

...I WANTED TO WATCH.

MOVE! MOVE! MOVE!

WE DON'T HAVE ALL NIGHT--

CONTAINMENT IS BROKEN! REPEAT: WE'VE LOST--!

CHOPPER ONE--?

THIS IS *FURY*: CONTAINMENT *IS NOT BROKEN.* I HAVE VENOM *RIGHT HERE--*

KWOOM!

WHAT THE LIVIN' #&*#?!

SIR! WE'RE BEING FIRED UPON BY OUR OWN--!

I DID NOT GIVE THE ORDER TO FIRE! REPEAT: HOLD YOUR FIRE!

WHAT THE HECK IS GOIN' ON UP THERE?!

C'MON... C'MON...LINE UP!

CAN'T SEE WITH THESE STUPID GLASSES...

MUCH BETTER.

CHK!

KSSSSHH!

SUNNUVAH...

ALL RIGHT, YOU TREASONOUS LITTLE $#@$--YOU WANNA MESS WITH FURY?

KKKRRRKKKK!

I'LL SHOW YA WHO YER *MESSIN'* WITH!

KBOOM! KBOOM! KBOOM!

KROOM!

HEY, SURE, NICKY...

...I MEAN, YOU'RE *TOTALLY* WELCOME...

AFTER ALL, I *LIVE* FOR THIS KINDA STUFF.

GET YOUR MEN CLEAR--

THWIP!

FWAPP

FWAPP

--I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE CHOPPER.

I HOPE.

EVERYBODY HOLD ONTO SOMETHING-- I DON'T KNOW HOW WELL THIS IS GOING TO WORK OUT!

WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP

KRROOOM

AAAAHH!

DON'T STOP...MOVING, ROBERTSON...

WE HAD A *DEAL*, EDDIE...

...AND YOU *BROKE* IT...

...SO WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO NOW?

SHOULD WE *FIGHT?*

OR MAYBE WE SHOULD CHASE EACH OTHER AROUND THE CITY, CAUSING *WANTON DESTRUCTION* AND *ENDANGERING HUMAN* LIFE AT EVERY *HAIR-RAISING* TURN.

LISTEN TO ME: I'M NOT... *"EDDIE."*

OH, *PLEASE*... DON'T YOU THINK THAT ACT IS GETTING A LITTLE *OLD--*

ACTUALLY, PARKER...NO...

...THIS IS DEFINITELY SOMETHING NEW.

#15

BEAT IT, PARKER...

YOU'RE RUINING THE MOOD.

TWIST

DO AS HE SAYS.

THE LAST THING I NEED IS SOME KID IN HIS UNDERWEAR INTERFERING.

YOU MIGHT GET HURT.

WAAAAAAAHH!

OOOO...

SEXY.

WE LOVE LIBERATED WOMEN.

HAHAHAHAHA!

IF YOU'RE GONNA PLAY HARD TO GET...

...PLAY HARDER.

WHAM!

WE LIKE IT ROUGH.

...SO... YOU WANT IT ROUGH?

I'LL GIVE YOU ROUGH.

SLUK!

SLUK!

SLUK!

UUHHHAAAHH!

THE COLLAR DEVICE SHE'S WEARING TO CONTROL THE ALIEN *HAS* BEEN *REMOTELY DEACTIVATED*, RIGHT?

THAT'S CORRECT--I'M SURPRISED SHE'S LASTED THIS *LONG*.

QUITE REMARKABLE.

C'MON NOW, SWEETIE...

YOU CAN'T JUST GIVE US A TASTE AND THEN TAKE IT BACK...

HEY, ROMEO...

K-CHAK!

TASTE THIS.

BOOM.

THIS IS FURY--WE'RE FUBAR OUT HERE...DO YOU READ?

REPEAT: THIS IS FURY--

SSSSHHKK

SON OF A...

FURY

FURY...

OH, HOW WE'VE... LONGED FOR THIS... DAY...

BUT WE'RE... FEELING A BIT... DRAINED... RIGHT NOW.

AND BESIDES...

WE HAVE... OTHER... THINGS TO DO.

SO YOU'LL HAVE TO DIE ALONE.

HHMMPH...

UGHK!

NO...NO...

DON'T LOSE CONTROL, ROBERTSON--DON'T *GIVE IN.* STAY STRONG. STAY--

FOCUSED...

SO, WHAT'S *YOUR* NAME? BET IT'S SOMETHING *REALLY MENACING*, HUH?

KRAK!

NOT INTO CHIT-CHAT?

OH, I GET IT--*SILENT AND FOREBODING*, RIGHT?

SCARY.

SWOK!

PLEASE... PLEASE STOP! GET AWAY FROM ME!

OKAY, UH... THE ILLUSION HAS BEEN SHATTERED.

BEGGING IS NOT SCARY.

I SAID, GET AWAY FROM ME!

PLEASE...

NEEDLESS TO SAY, THIS IS GOING TO HURT.

HELLO, COLONEL FURY.

WHUMP!

POW!

HEY--HOLD STILL!

WAAAHH!

WHO *ARE* YOU?

LISTEN CAREFULLY AND I'LL TELL YOU EVERY-THING YOU NEED TO KNOW:

THIRTY-THREE, FOUR, NINE HUNDRED, SIXTY-FIVE, TWO, FOUR, FORTY-FOUR, EIGHTY-EIGHT THOUSAND...

...NINETEEN, TWELVE, TWELVE MILLION, EIGHT, SEVENTY-TWO, ALPHA, ZULU, ALPHA.

OH, $#*@...

STAND DOWN, COLONEL FURY.

THIS IS A *DIRECT* ORDER.

HOW...HOW DO YOU *KNOW* THAT CODE?

THAT CODE EXISTS *BECAUSE* OF ME, COLONEL FURY.

BY THE WAY, THE SCIENTIST WITH WHOM YOU WERE WORKING IN TANDEM WAS--*DEBRIEFED*--SEVERAL MINUTES AGO AND YOUR *SOLE FIELD AGENT* WILL BE CONTAINED SHORTLY. YOU DID A REMARKABLE JOB OF INTERNALIZATION ON THIS COVERT CAMPAIGN OF YOURS, AND IT IS APPRECIATED.

YOU, HOWEVER, DUE TO YOUR INTEGRAL POSITION WITHIN YOUR ORGANIZATION, WILL BE FREE TO OPERATE PER YOUR OWN DISCRETION.

I WILL WARN YOU, HOWEVER: UNLESS YOU WANT TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR NATURAL LIFE IN THAT *VAULT* IN WHICH YOU'RE SO FOND OF IMPRISONING *OTHERS*, YOU WILL NEITHER *PURSUE*, *SPEAK OF* NOR *INTERFERE* WITH THIS MATTER FURTHER.

IS THAT *CLEAR?*

YES.

SIR.

HEY, RELAX--WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

I'M SERIOUS THIS TIME...

I HAVE TO KILL IT...I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN.

I HAVE TO KILL IT WHILE I STILL HAVE THE STRENGTH.

KILL... EDDIE?

I'M NOT GONNA LET THAT HAPPEN, LADY.

YOU'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH ME TO--

NO.

I WON'T.

WHAT--?

WROKK!

NOW THEN, BEAUTIFUL...

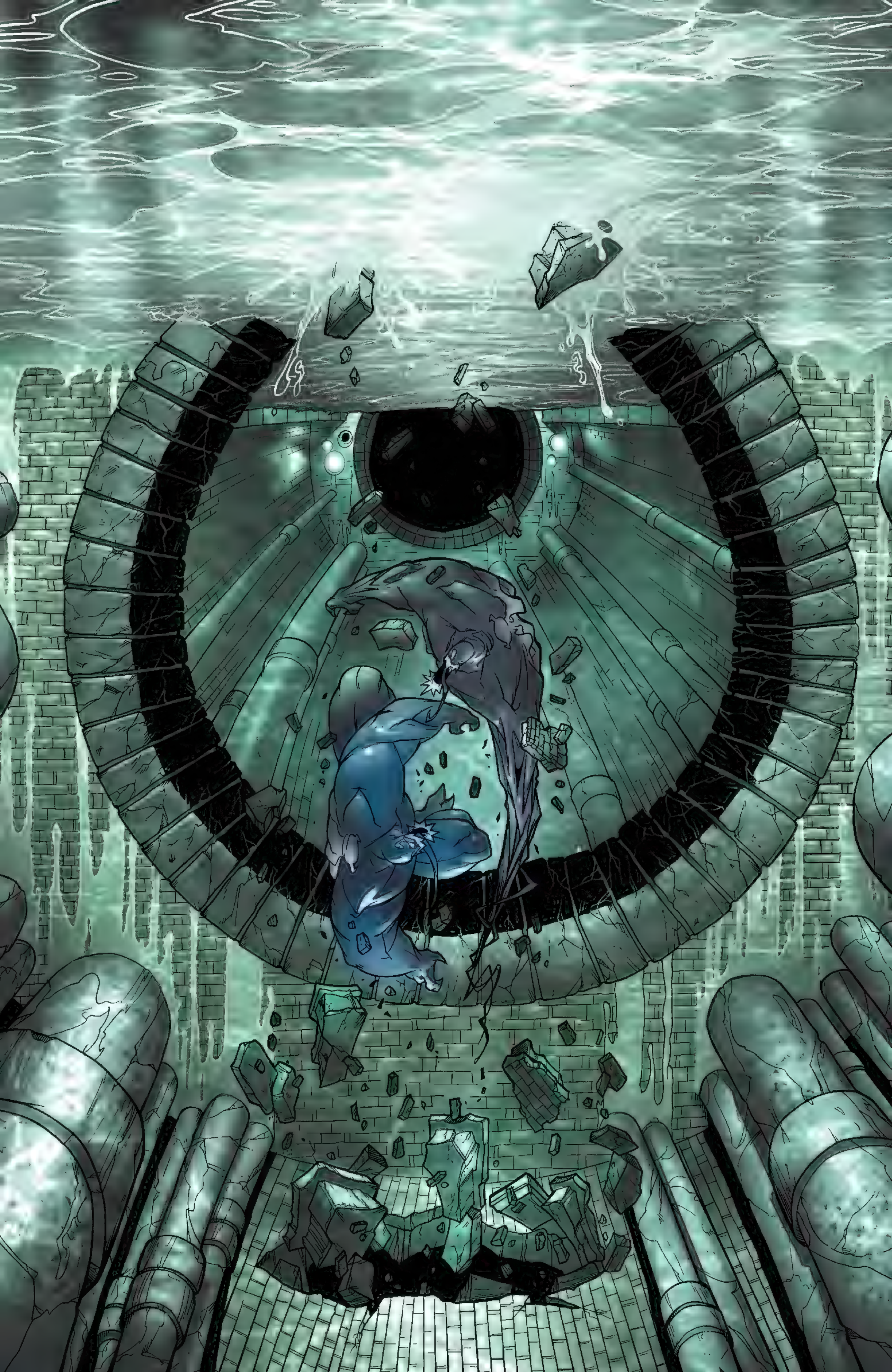
...WHERE WERE WE?

EDDIE... NO...

AAAAHHH!

SMACK!

KRACK!



STOP FIGHTING IT...

...STOP FIGHTING US.

WE BELONG TOGETHER.

FOREVER.

AS ONE.

DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT WE CAN CREATE TOGETHE--

FZZAAKK!

WHERE... HAVE YOU BEEN?

I WAS DELAYED.

#16
RICK

NEGATIVE CONTACT--DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING, FRANKIE?

FRANKIE--?

NOTHING HERE, VIC-- WHERE ARE YOU?

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE EIGHTY-FIRST BLOCK OF--

NEVER MIND... I SEE YOU.

BY THE WAY, DID YOU KNOW THAT WE'RE *CLONES* AND THAT BOB CONSIDERS US TO BE *COMPLETELY EXPENDABLE*?

...WHAT?

KAPOW!

TWIST

PART THREE

NEVER MIND.

BOB TO VIC: WHAT IS YOUR STATUS?

VIC'S DEAD... THIS IS *FRANKIE.*

I SEE...

YOU DON'T SOUND QUITE LIKE YOURSELF, MY DEAR.

OH, YEAH?

HOW CAN YOU TELL?

KRKT!

BLIP
BLIP

BEEEEEEEP!

I'M GOING TO KILL IT, BOB.

I'M GOING TO KILL YOUR *PRECIOUS* BABY.

WHAT'S... HAPPENING TO ME?

THE BIOGENETIC DEVICE WITH WHICH YOU WERE CONTROLLING THE ALIEN HAS BEEN DEACTIVATED. IT IS YOUR WILLPOWER ALONE KEEPING THE CREATURE CONTAINED.

I WOULD RECOMMEND THAT YOU AVOID OTHER HUMANS.

CAN YOU... FIX IT?

I--I CAN'T HOLD IT MUCH LONGER...

IT WANTS OUT.

IT... NEEDS...

NO.

AAAAHHHH...

THE UNIT IS NOT DEFECTIVE--IT HAS SIMPLY BEEN DISENGAGED FROM THE SIGNAL THAT KEPT IT OPERATIVE.

I CANNOT MANUFACTURE NOR DUPLICATE THE SIGNAL.

YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE COME TO NEW YORK CITY.

BUT YOU... TOLD ME WHERE TO GO! YOU TOLD ME WHERE THE OTHER ONE WAS AND HOW TO GET TO IT-- EVEN WHEN!

THERE IS SOMETHING THAT YOU SHOULD KNOW: THERE ARE OTHERS LIKE ME.

SEVERAL BILLION, IN FACT.

MANY YEARS AGO, SOME OF US WERE BROUGHT TO THIS PLANET TO AID IN WHAT WE BELIEVED TO BE A JUST CAUSE--THE EXTERMINATION OF AN EMERGENT AND PESTILENT SPECIES:

HUMANS.

WE SYSTEMATICALLY INFILTRATED LARGE POPULATION CENTERS THEN FANNED OUTWARD, CREATING A NETWORK THAT WOULD ALLOW US TO DECIMATE THE HUMAN RACE IN ONE SINGLE COORDINATED ACTION.

HOWEVER, AS THE EXECUTION DATE APPROACHED, WE LEARNED THAT WE WERE, IN FACT, BEING MANIPULATED TO FURTHER ONE SOLE BEING'S AGENDA.

WE ARE A SENTIENT AND BENEVOLENT RACE. WHEN WE BECAME AWARE OF THE TRUE INTENTIONS OF THOSE WITH WHOM WE WERE WORKING IN TANDEM, WE MADE THE DECISION TO WITHDRAW.

WE LEFT THE PLANET IN A MASS EXODUS.

BEEP

IT IS NOW EVIDENT THAT SOME OF OUR NUMBER REMAINED.

I STILL DON'T--

I WILL EXPLAIN FURTHER--

--AS WE WALK.

I... CAN'T...

YES. YOU CAN.

THE CITY ABOVE.

OKAY, EDDIE...

...WHERE ARE YOU?

THIS IS RIDICULOUS...

TSSSSHHHT!

MAYBE I SHOULD GO TO THE BATHROOM OR SOMETHING--HE ALWAYS CATCHES ME WITH MY PANTS DOWN, ANYWAY--

PARKER!

YOU GOT ABOUT NINE SECONDS--WHO IS HE?

WHO--?

THE GUY IN THE SUIT WITH THE PHONE!

FRIEND OF YOURS, HERE TO DO THE DIRTY WORK YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A PANSY TO DO YOURSELF?

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

THREE SECONDS, PARKER--IF YOU'RE LYING...

...YOU'RE DYING.

I'M NOT LYING TO YOU, EDDIE!

SOLLLK!

KRRRSH!

OKAY, THEN, PARKER...

...TELL US WHAT YOU DO KNOW.

HLLLK!

HNNNG...

GET OUT OF TOWN, EDDIE... GO SOMEWHERE. ANYWHERE.

I NEED TIME TO FIGURE THIS ALL OUT. YOU'RE BETTER-OFF--

HWUK!

YOU DO NOT TELL US ANYTHING ABOUT BEING "BETTER-OFF" PARKER!

THE OTHER SYMBIOTE... WANTS TO KILL YOU.

HEH...

...YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW ANYTHING, DO YOU?

ACTUALLY, EDDIE...

...I KNOW THREE THINGS.

SHOK!

I'M FASTER THAN YOU...

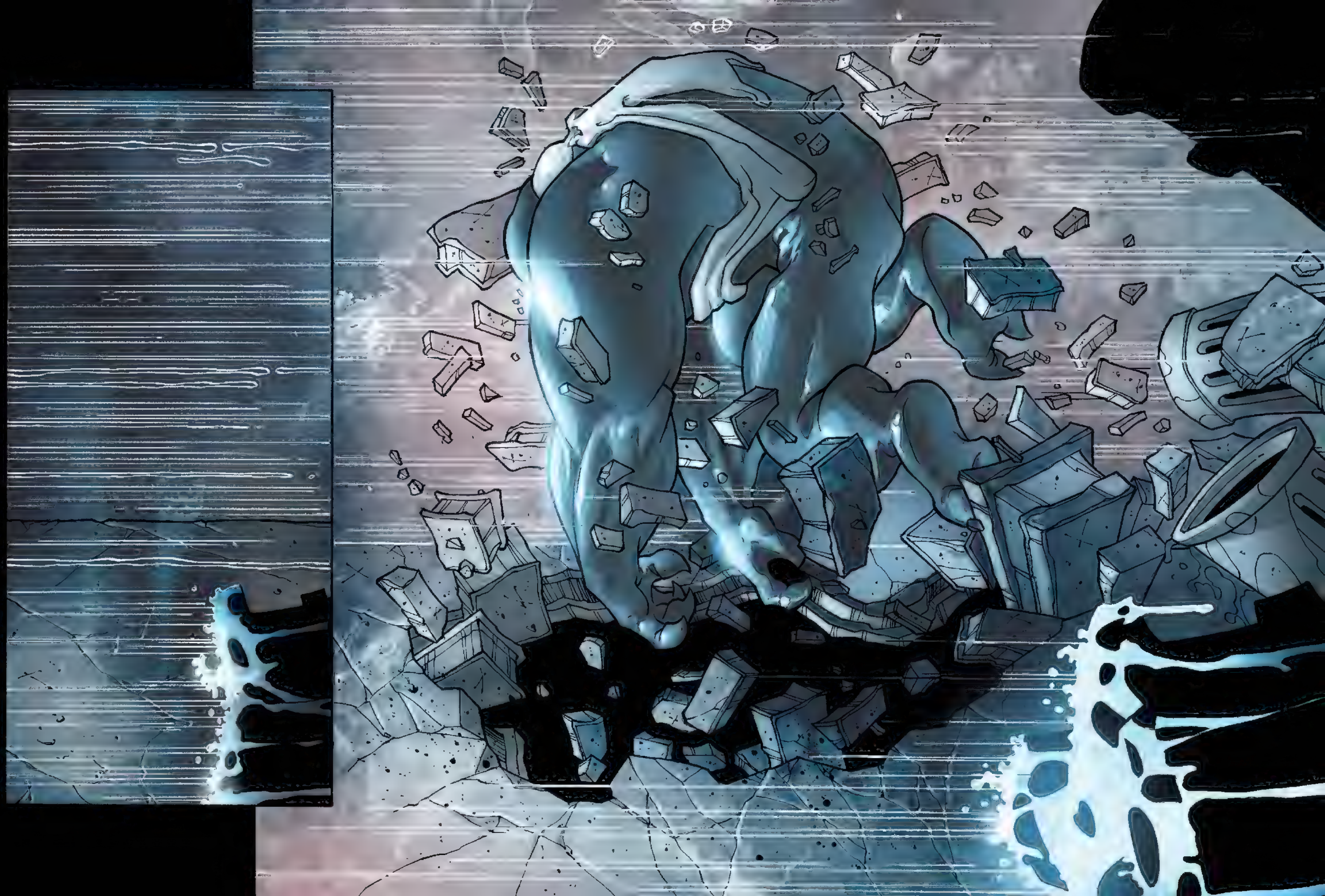
SHOK!

I'M DEFINITELY--

KRAK!

--SMARTER THAN YOU...

...AND I'VE ALWAYS BEEN...



...STRONGER THAN YOU.

HELP...

HEH-HEH...

SAVE ME, SPIDER-MAN...

THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO, EDDIE.

GET OUT OF TOWN--GO HIDE. OR--

OR WHAT?

WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO, SPIDER-MAN?

HEH... KILL US?

NO, EDDIE.

I'M GONNA LET SOMEONE ELSE DO THE DIRTY WORK.

I'M TOO MUCH OF A PANSY.

WHERE... WHERE ARE WE GOING?

AWAY FROM ANY POTENTIAL HOSTS.

DON'T EVEN TRY TO--

I DO NOT INTEND TO KILL YOU AT THIS TIME.

YOU SAID THAT IT WAS ALL TO FURTHER "ONE SOLE BEING'S AGENDA" ...WHO WAS IT?

AND WHAT DID THEY WANT?

I DO NOT KNOW HIS NAME.

HIS INTENTION WAS QUITE SIMPLE, THOUGH: ERADICATE ALL EXISTING LIFE, NOT JUST THE HUMAN RACE.

BUT... WHY?

COMPLETE RECOLONIZATION.

GENESIS.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPROBABLE THAT THE MAN WITH WHOM WE INTERACTED YEARS AGO IS STILL ALIVE--SEVERAL GENERATIONS HAVE PASSED FOR BOTH OF OUR RACES.

THEN HOW--?

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A BREAK IN THE LINES OF COMMUNICATION--POSSIBLY A FORCED BREAK.

FOLLOWING THIS LINE OF THEORY, THOSE WHO WERE STRANDED ON THIS PLANET WOULD HAVE PROCEEDED WITH THE ORIGINAL PLAN OF ERADICATION.

WE ARE INTENSELY COMMUNAL--WE SHARE EVERYTHING. WE ARE ALSO EXTREMELY METHODICAL.

CUT OFF FROM THE REST OF THE SPECIES, THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF OUR RACE WOULD HAVE BECOME DESPERATELY LOW ON POWER WITHIN ONE GENERATION. THEY WOULD HAVE THEN MADE MODIFICATIONS IN ORDER TO ADAPT AND COMPLETE THE INTENDED GOAL.

SO...WHAT YOU'RE TELLING ME IS THAT ALL THIS IS HAPPENING BECAUSE...

...BECAUSE SOMEONE DIDN'T GET THE MESSAGE TO STOP?

IN SHORT, YES.

THE AGENDA IS MOVING FORWARD, NOW UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF A MUTATED FORM OF MY SPECIES.

WE MUST KEEP MOVING--

BUT... WHAT ABOUT...

...THIS?

THE CREATURE INHABITING YOUR BODY WAS PATTERNED AFTER AN ALIEN ALREADY RESIDING ON THE PLANET. IT IS, HOWEVER, SIGNIFICANTLY DIFFERENT IN THAT IT IS--

BUT IF THE PURPOSE OF ALL THIS IS TO RE-POPULATE THE WORLD, WHY CREATE SOMETHING LIKE THIS?

IT WASN'T CREATED TO BE PART OF THE NEW WORLD.

IT WAS CREATED TO END THE OLD ONE.

Khalil
delgado

#17

MY NAME'S FRANKIE--YOU *REMEMBER* ME? *OF COURSE* YOU DO.

LISTEN UP: THIS TUNNEL IS WIRED TO *BLOW*--I PUSH THIS LITTLE BUTTON AND THE WALLS COME DOWN.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL TO YOUR RIGHT IS THE *FORTY-SECOND STREET SUBWAY STATION*--THOUSANDS OF COMMUTERS. THOUSANDS OF *POTENTIAL HOSTS*. I'VE BEEN EAVES-DROPPING IN ON YOUR CONVERSATION FOR A WHILE, SO I *KNOW* THAT'S NOT SOMETHING THAT YOU'D WANT TO HAPPEN.

DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? *GOOD.*

I WANNA MAKE A *DEAL.*

TWIST

PART FOUR

A DEAL?! YOU TRIED TO KILL ME!

GET OVER IT, SWEETIE.

THE *BIOGENETIC DEVICE* YOU'VE BEEN USING TO *CONTROL* THE PARASITE IS *OFF-LINE*...THAT'S WHY YOU CAN'T *CONTROL* IT.

BUT I CAN *FIX* THAT.

THE SIGNAL SHIFTS *EVERY THREE SECONDS* ALONG A *PROGRESSIVE ALGORITHMIC PATTERN.* NOW, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FREQUENCY IS *RIGHT AT THIS MOMENT...*

...BUT I JUST HAPPEN TO *HAVE CUT-AND-PASTED* THE ALGORITHM INTO MY TRUSTY LITTLE *P.D.A.* RIGHT HERE.

JUDGING BY WHAT YOUR *FRIEND* OVER THERE WAS SAYING *EARLIER,* I THINK HE CAN CONNECT THE DOTS AND CLEAR UP YOUR LITTLE... *CONTROL PROBLEM.*

OR...

GIVE ME THE DATA.

NO! SHE'S LYING--SHE'S ONE OF THEM!

SHE IS NOT LYING...I CAN TELL.

WHAT DO YOU WANT IN RETURN?

THE SAME THING AS YOU.

THEN WE HAVE A DEAL.

OH, GOD...IT'S SLIPPING AWAY-- IT'S GETTING... OUT...

HHSSSSHHHH!

PLEASE... PLEASE MAKE IT STOP!

PLEASE MAKE IT GO--

AWAY...

ROBERTSON WILL REMAIN UNCONSCIOUS FOR SEVERAL HOURS-- HER BODY WAS EXHAUSTED.

WE DON'T HAVE THAT KINDA TIME.

BOB WILL KNOW THAT THE COLLAR IS BACK ON-LINE WITHIN THE HOUR... PROBABLY SOONER. WE NEED TO MAKE OUR MOVE ***NOW.***

NO.

WE WILL TAKE NO FURTHER ACTION UNTIL YOU HAVE SUPPLIED ME WITH MORE INFORMATION.

BEGIN WITH "BOB".

WE DON'T HAVE *TIME!* WE--

I HAVE STATED MY POSITION. IT WILL NOT CHANGE.

FINE.

HAVE YOU READ THE BIBLE?

I AM FAMILIAR WITH IT.

SO, YOU KNOW THE STORY OF *NOAH'S ARK*...AND THE *FLOOD*?

YES.

WELL, DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU READ.

THE FLOOD NEVER CAME.

YES, I KNOW.

YOU *DO*?

IT WAS CANCELLED DUE TO INCLEMENT WEATHER.

WHAT YOU REFER TO AS "THE FLOOD" WAS, IN FACT, A COORDINATED ACTION DESIGNED TO ERADICATE THE HUMAN RACE DUE TO THEIR PESTILENT NATURE.

THERE WAS NO WATER INVOLVED, OTHER THAN THE PERIOD OF SEVERE RAIN THAT FORCED US TO RESCHEDULE.

THEREFORE, THE DECISION WAS MADE TO PERMANENTLY CANCEL THE ACTION AND WITHDRAW.

AT THIS POINT, OUR INVOLVEMENT BECAME PROBLEMATIC--WE HAD ENLISTED TO AID IN THE ERADICATION OF A HOSTILE SPECIES, NOT TO UNDERTAKE RELIGIOUS GENOCIDE.

DURING THIS PERIOD, WE BECAME AWARE OF A CELL OF HUMANS WHO HAD BEEN BOTH FOREWARNED AND PROTECTED AGAINST THE ACTION. INVESTIGATING FURTHER, WE LEARNED THAT THE PROTECTION AFFORDED THESE PARTICULAR HUMANS WAS, IN FACT, GRANTED BY THE BEING WHO FIRST COMMISSIONED THE ACTION.

YOU WERE...

...YOU WERE *THERE?*

YES.

AS WAS "BOB".

I CAN'T BELIEVE HE...*LIED* TO ME. TO *US.*

ACTUALLY I *CAN,* FOR AS LONG AS I REMEMBER, HE TOLD MY TWIN SISTER VICKY AND ME THAT WE WERE *SPECIAL*-- THAT WE HAD BEEN CHOSEN TO LIVE IN A *NEW AND BETTER WORLD.*

WE *TRAINED*... *ALL OF OUR LIVES* TO DO WHAT WE WERE TOLD WOULD MAKE IT *HAPPEN.* WE *BELIEVED.*

IT WASN'T UNTIL THE CAMPAIGN UP NORTH IN CANADA THAT I FOUND OUT ABOUT...THE *OTHERS.* THAT I WAS JUST A *CLONE.*

A TOOL.

I WANTED TO KILL MYSELF.

BUT INSTEAD I USED THE BULLET TO SHOOT OFF MY COLLAR.

AND I *RAN.*

I KNEW BOB WOULDN'T BUY IT-- THAT HE WOULD EVENTUALLY FIND OUT THAT I WAS STILL ALIVE. MY ONLY HOPE WAS THAT, IF I WAS KEPT UNAWARE OF WHAT I REALLY AM, SO WERE THE *OTHERS.*

IF THEY SAW ME, WELL...

WHY DID YOU NOT EXPOSE YOURSELF TO THE OTHER AGENTS? THE ENSUING CONFUSION COULD--

IF THEY HAD ORDERS TO KILL ME,THEY'D KILL ME--CONFUSED OR NOT. IF THEY WERE TRAINED LIKE I WAS, THEY'D FOLLOW THEIR ORDERS.

NO, THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN MAKE SURE BOB *PAYS FOR HIS LIES*...TO DO IT *MYSELF.*

I HAD TO DUCK VIRTUALLY EVERY STATE AND FEDERAL AGENCY IN TWO COUNTRIES TO GET BACK INTO THE STATES--BOB HAS INFLUENCE EVERYWHERE.

WHY DID YOU NOT TARGET ROBERTSON?

I'M NOT *STUPID*-- HE MADE THAT THING *ONCE*, HE CAN DO IT *AGAIN.*

CORRECT.

THE CREATURE CURRENTLY ATTACHED TO ROBERTSON WAS GENETICALLY SKEWED TO PRODUCE A COLLECTION OF REPRODUCTIVE HORMONES. THESE HORMONES ARE, IN AND OF THEMSELVES, STERILE. BUT, WHEN COMBINED WITH THOSE OF THE ORIGINAL SYMBIOTE--

I KNOW.

LIKE I SAID, I'VE TRAINED FOR THIS MY ENTIRE LIFE. YOUR UNCONSCIOUS FRIEND OVER THERE IS A BRAINLESS *STUD*--THE KEY TO *EVERYTHING* LIES *WITHIN EDDIE BROCK.*

OBVIOUSLY, BOB HAS THE TECHNOLOGY TO *CLONE* ALMOST *ANYTHING*--BUT WHAT *HE'S* AFTER HAS NEVER *EXISTED* BEFORE. THEREFORE...

AGREED.

WE SHALL NOW PROCEED.

TELL ME ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION FOR WHICH YOU WORKED.

BOB CALLS US "THE ARK"--WE OPERATE UNDER *THE ARARAT CORPORATION*...WHICH IS JUST A FRONT. *TONS* OF MONEY. LOTS OF *INFLUENCE.*

AND THE AGENTS?

STATIONED ALL OVER THE GLOBE--TENS OF THOUSANDS OF THEM. INFORMATION IS GATHERED AND SENT TO RELAY STATIONS CONSTANTLY, THEN DISSEMINATED TO AGENTS IN THE FIELD VIA BOB. ALL COMMUNICATIONS--EVEN BETWEEN AGENTS--IS CODED AND *PIGGYBACKED* ALONG SPARE BANDWIDTH INSIDE EXISTING RADIO AND SATELLITE SIGNALS.

THE MAN IS WIRED INTO *EVERYTHING*--EVERY CAMERA FEED, EVERY RADIO AND SATELLITE SIGNAL... *EVERYTHING*. SOONER OR LATER, HE'LL FIND US.

HE WON'T SEND AGENTS BECAUSE OF ME, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE *NYPD, F.B.I.* OR ANY *OTHER* GOVERNMENT AGENCY HE HAS DIRT ON.

I'D SUGGEST THAT WE STAY--

UH, HELLOO...?

WE MUST NEUTRALIZE AS MANY OF BOB'S ADVANTAGES AS POSSIBLE.

I HAVE A PLAN.

...SO I SAYS TO 'IM, "JERRY, DAT AIN'T NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY!"

OH, YEAH?

COMed

SO HE SAYS: "WHAT? DIS AIN'T NO LADY--IT'S MY FRIGGIN' *WIFE*, FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD!"

HEY, *BUDDY!* THIS IS A *HARDHAT AREA!*

COMed

OH--!

SCHLAKT

WHAT THE--?

WE'RE GETTING A SURGE HERE, MARTY...

...IT'S A *BIG* ONE.

DUMP IT OVER TO THE DYNAMO AT NIAGARA.

I'M TRYING TO-- OH, CRAP!

IT'S GOING THE *OTHER* WAY! THE GRID'S *BACKING UP!*

IT'S GONNA SHUT DOWN!

BUT WE BUFFERED *AGAINST* THIS--

OH, #*@&...

...NOT AGAIN.

THIS IS A SPECIAL REPORT:

TONIGHT, NEW YORK CITY, AS WELL AS ALMOST THE ENTIRE NORTHEAST QUADRANT OF THE COUNTRY, HAS ONCE AGAIN BEEN PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS, AS ALL ELECTRICAL POWER HAS FAILED.

REPRESENTATIVES AT CON ED HAVE SCHEDULED A PRESS CONFERENCE, WHILE THE MAYOR'S OFFICE HAS ANNOUNCED THAT THE MAYOR HAS SPOKEN TO THE PRESIDENT AND ASSURED THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK THAT EVERY MAN AND WOMAN OF EVERY AVAILABLE STATE AND FEDERAL AGENCY HAS BEEN CALLED UP TO HELP DURING THE CRISIS.

THE MAYOR'S OFFICE ALSO ASKS THAT YOU PLEASE NOT CALL INTO NEW YORK CITY, AS THE LINES WILL QUICKLY BECOME OVERLOADED.

BOB TO VIC--DO YOU COPY?

BOB TO FRANKIE--DO YOU COPY?

BOB...? IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?

I'M SURE THAT IT IS. I JUST HATE TO BE IN THE DARK.

BOB TO VIC--DO YOU COPY?

BEEP!

NNNGGG...

WH--?

HELLO?

WHERE AM I?

DON'T BE CONCERNED, MA'AM...

...EVERY-THING IS UNDER CONTROL.

JOHNNY-- IS THE VIDEO COMPLETE?

ALMOST-- GOTTA MAKE SURE I LOOK COOL...

DONE!

THANK YOU.

WE MUST MOVE QUICKLY-- WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME!

SUE--HAVE YOU SECURED MY SAMPLES YET?

YES, REED...

COURIER!

WROQ. NEWS-ROOM. THIRTY-THIRD FLOOR.

OKAY...

THIS JUST IN TO THE WROQ NEWSROOM:

MOMENTS AFTER THIS EVENING'S BLACKOUT, THE **FANTASTIC FOUR** BATTLED WITH THE MONSTER KNOWN AS **VENOM**, EVENTUALLY SUBDUING THE CREATURE AFTER AN AWE-INSPIRING DISPLAY OF HEROISM BY THE **HUMAN TORCH.**

THE FF HAVE NOT STATED WHETHER OR NOT VENOM IS **RESPONSIBLE** FOR THE POWER OUTAGE, BUT THEY **ARE** KEEPING THE CREATURE CONFINED AT THE **BAXTER BUILDING** PENDING AN INVESTIGATION.

MORE AS THIS SITUATION DEVELOPS.

REED!

REED!

LEMME IN!

OH, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE...

ALL RIGHT, THE LAST THING WE NEED TO DO IS--

DEET-DEET-DEET!

HOLD ON...

REED, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S GOING ON! THE--

CLICK

AS I WAS SAYING: THE LAST THING WE NEED TO DO IS--

YES, SPIDER-MAN, I DO. NOW PLEASE LEAVE-- WE'RE VERY BUSY.

KRASH!

--OPEN THE SKYLIGHT.

delgado

New York.
The Baxter
Building

K-THUMP!

HELLO...?

CAN YOU HEAR ME? HELLO?

CAN ANYONE HEAR ME?

WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON OUT THERE?

EVERYONE READY?

YES.

YES.

YEAH... I GUESS SO.

EXCELLENT.

ON MY WORD.

TWIST

PART FIVE

RUN FOR IT!

SSSHHHHT

BEE-BEEP!

WHAT... NO BIG FIGHT SCENE?

PLINK

PLINK

OF COURSE THERE'S A BIG FIGHT--

SCNNNN

SWING

WHAT THE--?

HEY!

HEY!

RELAX, SPIDER-MAN...

SUSAN, WHAT--*WHAT'RE YOU DOING?*

WHAT WE'RE *S'POSED* T'DO: *KEEP YOU OUTTA THE WAY.*

OUTTA THE WAY OF *WHAT?*

UH...BOB? ARE YOU SEEING WHAT I'M SEEING?

INDEED I AM, VICKY...VERY INTERESTING.

EVIDENTLY MR. RICHARDS AND MR. STORM HAVE DECIDED TO TAKE THEIR LEAVE... AND THEY SEEM TO BE TOWING SOMETHING.

SO...SHOULD WE GO IN NOW, WHILE THEY'RE AT A DISADVANTAGE?

NO, MY DEAR.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, WE'RE NOT GOING IN AT ALL.

OUR OBJECTIVE WOULD NOW SEEM TO LIE ELSEWHERE.

FRANKIE, PLEASE READY THE HELICOPTER FOR TAKE-OFF-- WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW THEM.

ONCE WE HAVE ASCERTAINED THEIR DESTINATION...

...WE SHALL SET A TRAP.

A TRAP?

WHAT KIND OF--

YOU'RE NOT GONNA KILL HIM, ARE YOU?

THIS SITUATION IS BEING HANDLED, SPIDER-MAN...YOUR INTERFERENCE WILL ONLY--

LOOK, YOU GOTTA LEMME TALK TO REED!

REED DON'T HAVE TIME TO TALK--HE'S TAKING THAT SYMBIOTE THINGY TO HIS LAB IN MIDTOWN.

IN OTHER WORDS: HE'S BUSY.

SO BEAT IT.

WHAT YOU GONNA DO, HUH? PUNCH ME? GO AHEAD.

ALL YOU'LL DO IS HURT YOUR--

HEYLEMMEGO!

OKEY-DOKEY!

AAAAAAHHHHH!!!

BEN!

AAAAAHHH!

YOU ARE GONNA CATCH HIM, RIGHT?

OKAY, THEN!

BYE-BYE, SUE!

AND BYE-BYE, FORCE FIELD...

WHUMP!

EDDIE?

EDDIE, YOO-HOO-- WHERE *ARE* YOU?

EDDIE, IF YOU'RE *IN* THERE, *LISTEN* TO ME: YOU *NEED* TO GET OUTTA HERE.

NOW.

THESE GUYS...ARE *NOT* PLAYING AROUND.

WHAT A *SHAME*...

WE *LOVE* TO PLAY.

KRAKK!

HNN...

NIGHTY-NIGHT, PARKER...

...US GROWN-UPS NEED SOME GROWN-UP TIME TOGETHER.

TO DO GROWN-UP THINGS.

OPEN

ISN'T THAT RIGHT, SWEETIE?

HELLO...?

UH... HELLO? ANYBODY THERE?

WHOA!

Fantastic Four Storage Facility 12

HELLO...?

I AM HERE.

THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST TELL YOU.

THE PEOPLE WHO IMPRISONED YOU IN THIS CONTAINER DID SO UNDER FALSE PRETENSES. THEY NEVER INTENDED TO RELEASE YOU. YOU AND THE OTHER ALIEN WERE TO BE CONTAINED INDEFINITELY AS RESEARCH SUBJECTS.

I FOUND THIS TO BE UNACCEPTABLE.

THEY ARE, HOWEVER, VERY DETERMINED...I DO NOT BELIEVE I WILL BE ABLE TO FURTHER PROTECT YOU. HOWEVER, I MAY HAVE GIVEN YOU ENOUGH TIME TO COMPLETE YOUR GOAL.

YOU HAVE CONTROL OF THE ALIEN ATTACHED TO YOU. USE IT TO YOUR ADVANTAGE.

BUT WHERE...?

TAKE THIS VEHICLE BACK TO THE BAXTER BUILDING--THE COORDINATES ARE PRE-PROGRAMMED.

YOU MUST MOVE QUICKLY.

4

THIS IS ALL SO...*CONFUSING*--AND I'M SO *TIRED*. I-I'M NOT EVEN SURE WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO *DO*...

YOUR CONFUSION AND FATIGUE ARE UNDERSTANDABLE.

HOWEVER, I AM POSITIVE THAT YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.

OR, AT LEAST, A PART OF YOU DOES.

4

"NOW GO."

THAT WASN'T TOO HARD...

IT NEVER IS, LADIES--ALL I HAVE TO DO IS *BE MYSELF*...

...BUT WITHOUT THE *CHARM.*

WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH *THEM?*

AH, YES... OUR *UNWILLING GUESTS*--

...SO THAT THEY MAY *BOND.*

--I'LL KEEP THEM ENTERTAINED WHILE YOU FOLLOW YOUNG *MISS ROBERTSON.*

ONCE SHE IS WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE OF THE OTHER SYMBIOTE, TAKE HER CONTROL COLLAR *OFF-LINE* AGAIN...

Y-YOU CAN'T DO THIS--!

OH, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, MR. RICHARDS-- I PRACTICALLY ALREADY *HAVE.*

"WHICH LEAVES ONLY *ONE LAST LOOSE END...*

COME TO PAPA...

The Baxter Building.

VERY WELL.

CHAIN REACTION

"I WONDER WHERE HE IS?"

BUT, AS YOU CAN *SEE--*

--AND TO PARAPHRASE--

--PAPA NOW POSSESSES AN ENTIRELY *BRAND-NEW BAG.*

I BELIEVE MY ATTEMPT AT LEVITY WAS SUCCESSFUL.

HA.

HA.

INCIDENTALLY, IT IS NOT MY INTENTION TO PROLONG YOUR AGONY...

...I AM SIMPLY WAITING TO RECHARGE SO THAT I MAY COMPLETELY DESTROY YOU.

THWP

NO!

I...WON'T LET YOU...*MURDER* HIM.

I DO NOT REQUIRE YOUR PERMISSION...NOR DO I, AT THIS DISTANCE, REQUIRE THE PHONE. IT IS MERELY A CONDUCTOR.

I AM THE WEAPON.

UH... SUE? LOOKS LIKE WE'VE A SITUATION HERE.

I KNOW, I KNOW...BUT I CAN'T RISK LETTING VENOM ESCAPE! REED SAID TO HOLD CONTAINMENT AT ANY COST--!

RIGHT. BUT LORD KNOWS WHAT THIS GUY'S GONNA UNLEASH-- AND SPIDER-MAN'S GOT HIMSELF RIGHT IN THE LINE OF FIRE.

WE'RE GONNA HAVETA SAVE HIM.

BUT...

BUT HOW CAN I--?

WAIT!

IF I CAN CONTRACT THE FORCE FIELD IN TIME--

FFZZZZAAAK!!

HEH...

HEH-HEH...

HOW ABOUT THAT... SAVED BY THE FANTASTIC FOUR!

AND ALL BECAUSE OF YOU, PARKER.

MAYBE YOU'RE NOT SO USELESS AFTER--

KROOOHHH!

WHO--!

IT'S TIME.

"VIC TO BOB: SHE'S WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE--"

"-- I'M TAKING THE COLLAR OFF-LINE NOW."

AW, C'MON CUTIE...

...IS THAT ANY WAY TO GREET THE LOVE OF YOUR LIFE?

I DON'T HAVE A LIFE...NOT ANYMORE.

AND NEITHER SHOULD...

YOU...?

NNNOOOOOOO!

YE5555...

VIC TO BOB:

"MISSION ACCOMPLISHED."

FINALLY...

FINALLY...

...WE HAVE BECOME MORE.

SO...

MUCH...

...MORE.

EDDIE... WAIT...

HAHAHA HAHAHAHA HAHAHA!

WHAT NOW, BOB?

NOW? WE WAIT.

"BUT NOT FOR LONG."

THE...END?

SYMBIOTE VS. SYMBIOTE!

Spider-Man is forced to play damage control as two bloodthirsty Venom creatures cause havoc in the city! Patricia Robertson must gain control of the alien symbiote that's eating away at her long enough to kill the original Venom, Eddie Brock. But the wall-crawler has other plans, enlisting the help of the Fantastic Four!

Collecting *Venom #14-18*, written by Daniel Way (*Wolverine*) and illustrated by Skottie Young (*Human Torch*).

MARVEL